

IT is through the kindness of Earl Attlee himself that I am able to reproduce below the coat-of-arms which has just been granted to him.

Its composition has several points of interest. The three lions on the chevron in the shield are taken from the arms of the ancient Surrey family of Lee of Abridge, Addington and Effingham, whose name has variously figured as Leigh, Leigh, A Lee, At Leigh, Attlee and Attie, from a branch of which Lord Attlee is probably descended. There is a misprint before 1722 in the genealogy; hence the necessity for a coat-of-arms instead of the different version of the original Lee coat in 1623.

The winged hearts symbolise Lord Attlee's devotion to his old school, Hallebury, which uses winged hearts as its device, with the motto "Sursum Corda." The lions rampant have been traditionally used as a device in



EARL ATTLEE'S ARMS

Lord Attlee's family. The motto "Labor omnia vincit" explains itself—and introduces, one might say, a note of demure humour—but Lord Attlee was never tempted to choose as his supporters a workman on the dexter side and a pink intellectual on the sinister he has resisted it. His a spectacular new film company

PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS

choice has fallen instead on Welsh terriers (he breeds them). New peers tend more and more to understand, to choose armours that support them if possible but partitions have found that four legs are more reliable than two?

Present on Parade

THE Queen's Review of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor on Saturday, June 23, marks the end of the Grenadier's ten-yearmarriage career. It will be notable, too, for an episode rare, I imagine, in regimental history.

The 1st Battalion of the Grenadiers is at present stationed in Düsseldorf and would not normally have been available for the Review. Nothing daunted, however, twenty-one officers and 380 other ranks have volunteered to pay £3 a head for special trains to make the journey to Windsor and back. They will thus be present on parade—in battle-dress, however, since there are not enough tunics and bearskins for all three battalions of the Regiment.

It seems a gallant gesture.

Whitney Films.

"I didn't know how to place a bet, so I came away with my money," Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney told me after the Derby. He had been the guest of the Jockey Club. "In America, my family has much the same sort of position in racing that Lord Derby has here."

Mr. Whitney can easily afford to wager substantial sums on very slow horses, but at the moment much of his money and most of his time are devoted to a pink intellectual on the sinister he has resisted it. His a spectacular new film company

that he has launched in Hollywood.

In the film world this devotee of the open-air life—there are pictures of bird-dogs on his braces—has acquired the Midas touch. G.W.T.W.

One Penny Coloured

Now his technicians have developed "Gone With the Wind" which has earned more money than any film in history. He then backed

the original production of "Cinerama," which has earned more money than any film of ancient vintage may ever have done. G.W.T.W.

"The Birth of a Nation" and "The Informer" are on their outdoor 100-yard race.

Mr. Whitney intends to release the rights of this new device to the rest of the motion-picture industry.

All Modern Comforts

ONE of the entrants in next month's International Sail Training ship Race from Torbay to Lisbon will be Mr. Ninochros's schooner Creole.

He has lent it for the occasion to a crew of thirty British naval cadets and their officers.

A friend of mine who recently went down to the Creole explained to me the touches which distinguish a multi-millionaire's yacht from a mere millionaire's. The record-player, for instance, can handle twenty-four LP records at a bite: enough for forty-eight hours' continuous and unattended playing. The machine is mounted in gimbal which ensure smooth sailing even in the most tumultuous seas.

He admired, too, the telegraph machine that can dispatch at the rate of 500 words a minute, the special vegetable refrigerator which served him his pear at exactly 35 degrees Fahrenheit, and the library in which "The Ingoldsby Legends" nestled next to "Hurrah for St. Trinian's."

Cusses and Cores

ANYONE who can tell Poiret from Poirot has known for some time that Mrs. Jane Ironside is one of the best single-handed couturiers in London. Her appointment, therefore, as Professor of Fashion Design at the Royal College of Art, in succession to Mrs. Madge Garland, bears the mark of imagination in high places.

Her job at the College is (my description, not hers) to make more women look less hideous. She means to tackle it on the quasi-industrial level for which the R.C.A. is now famous.

When I was a student," she told me, "we were just taught to make ball-dresses in the blue, but things are different now."

Melbourne Menace

WHEN I wonder, will the nine-second 100 yards go the way of the four-minute mile?

"Pretty soon" is Mel Patton's prediction. His own 1948 world record of 9.3 seconds has not been bettered since. In fact, Slime, the twenty-year-old undergraduate of Duke University, Patton sees his most likely successor. Slime is 6 feet 2½ inches high, weighs 13 stone 3 pounds, takes a size eleven in shoes, aims to be a doctor one day and has never

three guineas a piece) four times before the first night. It is thanks to Professor Carl Ebert, the Artistic Director, that the Glyndebourne season, which opened this Thursday, every seat was sold (and nearly all of them cost

As an actor, Ebert is little known in England, though his manner of greeting the audience at the end of each evening is, in my view, a triumph of unostentatious charm. Glyndebourne has lost; for Ebert is not only a master-producer but an actor of the calibre of Godfrey Tearle or Frederick Valk. He himself rarely speaks of this: but the photographs are there to prove it, and here is one.

Dated 1948, with the noted red-headed giant appears with Hermine Körner in St. John Ervine's "The First Mrs. Fraser."

Eheu . . .

A NOTHER fragrant whiff from the Dukeries.

A guest asked the butler how His Grace was today.

"His Grace is in excellent spirits, Sir," replied the butler. "He helped me button on his braces this morning."

ERBERT ON-STAGE